

THE  
B E E R I A D:

OR,

PROGRESS of DRINK.

AN HEROIC

P O E M,

In Two

C A N T O S.

The First being an imitation of the first Book of Mr.  
P O P E's *Dunciad*; The Second a Description of a  
R A M F E A S T, held annually in a particular small  
District of H A M P S H I R E.

*Cura fugit, multo dilaiturque mero.*

OVID.

*Ebrus ecce Senex, pando delapsus Asello,  
Clamarunt Satyri Surge, age, Surge Pater.*

Do. De art. Am.

*Quid non Ebrietas designat?*

HOR.

---

By a G E N T L E M A N in the N A V Y.

---

To which is annex'd a figurative moral T A L E upon  
Liberty, in Verse; And a Metaphorical Description of a  
certain Man of War in Prose: With a proper Preface to  
the whole: And Explanatory Notes to the Beeriad.

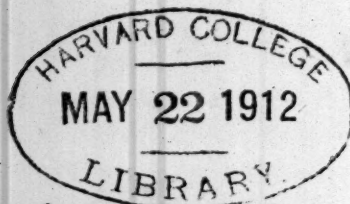
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G O S P O R T:

Printed by J. P H I L P O T, 1736.

~~15476.151~~

15450.28\*



*Subscription fund*





T O  
ISAA C TOWNSEND, Esq;

Commander of his MAJESTY'S Ship the *Plymouth*.

S I R,



S the following Sheets are the product of the many leisure hours that I am indebted to your kind and generous indulgence for, 'twould be doing a wrong to your Good nature not to pay you this small tribute of my respect and gratitude.

No one has a better Title to be Patron of a Work that endeavours to discourage and expose intemperance and debauchery than yourself, who have been always remarkably attach'd to the Strictest principles of Temperance and Regularity, and in a Station too that adds to the beauty of so Scarce a Character.

Flattery being the general Foible of Dedication, 'tis a pleasure to me to think that what I have already asserted is no more than undeniable Truth; 'tis the weakness of the Inferior that makes him play the Sycophant with his Superior, but to a generous Soul, it renders the Parasite still more Contemptible. Your Post in Life lays you open to this kind of behaviour, but your Experience and Good-sense directs you how to discern and despise it.

If in your leisure hours you can receive the least Satisfaction from any thing I here venture to offer, 'twill be the greatest pleasure imaginable to him, who is with all due respect,

S I R,

Your most Oblig'd  
and  
Obedient Humble Servant,  
R. C.



T H E  
P R E F A C E.



R. Addison takes Notice that the greatest modern Criticks have laid it down as a rule that an Heroic Poem shou'd be founded upon some important precept of Morality, adapted to the Constitution of the Country in which the Poet writes, Virgil has form'd his Plan in this view, thus (he says) Homer grounds his Poem upon the Grecian Polygarchy, in Order to establish amongst them an Union which was so necessary for their Safety. Mr. Pope in his Dunciad has very beautifully illustrated and expos'd the Efforts of Dullness, which tho it cant properly be call'd immorality, being a natural infirmity, yet Dullness or Ignorance is frequently the Occasion of corrupt or Debauch'd manners. So the following Attempt, *Si parvis Componere magna &c.* is wrote with a View of putting the Vice of Drunkenness into as despicable and ridiculous a light as possible.

The Spectator observes that no Vices are so incurable as those which Men are apt to glory in, one wou'd wonder (says he) how Drunkenness comes to be of this Number; The account that this Author gives farther of Anacharsis the Corinthian, Will Funnell the west Saxon, Bonofus &c. are worthy perusal to which I refer the Reader.

'Tis certain that this Vice prevails as much amongst us at present as ever it did at Corinth, to the total ruin, both of health, reputation and fortune, 'tis a Weakness too that's indulg'd by what was originally intended by Providence,  
as

## The P R E F A C E, v.

as the greatest comfort and blessing to Mankind viz. Society or a mutual Converse with each other.

Tis a little Surprizing that Conversation and Friendship shou'd not subsist with any tollerable Satisfaction without the assistance of a Tertium quid, that very often makes an irreperable breach upon both, and that Mankind cant converse as Sociably over what may keep their Reason in right tone, as over what must consequently make them forfeit that distinguishing Characteristick of Manhood, but this is too large and nice a Speculation for the Subject of a Preface and therefore I shall drop it.

As the following is design'd for a Satyr in general, so I wou'd not have it suppos'd to point at any in particular, as the Disease is so universal, so its Symptoms are pretty Sympathetick, and the Character of one Drunkard may as well serve for a Thousand, I cant help what the Captious and Self-Conscious may think, all I can say is, So let the Stricken Deer go Weep, &c. but in this place I cant omit mentioning a short Apro-pos Story told by the above cited moral Writer: A Certain pragmatistical Fellow who upon reading the whole Duty of Man, had Written the Names of several Persons in the Village at the side of ev'ry Sin which is mention'd by that excellent Author; So that he Converted the Book into a Libel against the Squire, Church-Wardens, Overseers of the Poor and other the most Considerable Persons in the Parish, the Book with these Extraordinary Marginal Notes fell accidentally into the Hands of one who had never seen it before; upon which there arose a Current report that somebody had written a Book against the Squire and the whole Parish. The Minister of the place was suspected to be the Author, having some dispute with his Parishioners about Tythes, but the good Man set his People right by shewing them that the Satyrical passages might be apply'd to



## vi The P R E F A C E.

several other Neighbouring Villages, and the Book was Writ against all the Sinners in England.

The reason why the following Poem is call'd the Beeriad, I beleive is so obvious that it needs no Explanation, 'twas design'd at first to be call'd the Aleiad, but it look'd so like the low wit of punning upon the Title of Homers inimitable Iliad, that 'twas laid aside. I shall say nothing concerning 'its reception in the World for fear of falling into peices of Egotism, I am Conscious it has many Faults and Imperfections which I hope the good natur'd will over-look, I am convinc'd it has not Merit enough to raise it Enemys, nor I hope quite so despicable but the Moral Design may procure a few Friends.

The first fifteen or sixteen Lines of the second Canto, carry on the imitation of the second Book of the Dunciad, but upon the introduction of the Victim for the Sacrifice the imitation drops. Where ever I have either borrow'd or imitated the Lines of an other Author I acknowledge it at the bottom of the Page, and hope therefore I shant be Censur'd for Plagiarism.

I cou'd in a Proleptical manner answer some Objections, that may be made, only that I think it is not my business to byass the Judgments of other People, the conclusion of the second Canto is a little abrupt, which is owing to a defalcation of some descriptive Lines which wou'd have swell'd it to a larger Volume than cou'd have been afforded at the Subscription price, if they had remain'd.

The Tale of the Pig is design'd as a figurative moral Tale upon Liberty and Content. The Microcosm will be a little abstruse to some Capacitys, and to those who are not acquainted with a maritime Oeconomy, but wou'd be very intelligible with a Key if the Bulk of the Book wou'd permit; however it is wrote with a View of showing the evil con-

sequences

## The P R E F A C E. vii.

sequences of an Anarchy in a floating Republick, and what a pitch discord and a want of unanimity brings a Set of People too within an Arbitrary Enclosure.

To Conclude, there are a few Errata of the Press, which as they are only literal and don't hurt the Sense, we hope the Candid and indulgent Readers will make all reasonable allowances, and impute them rather to oversights than Ignorance.

I must own (to my narrow Capacity) I don't know any Subject would have borne an imitation better than Drunkenness and Dullness, but the excellent Pattern so nigh it, casts too bright a lustre to hope to Shine by. I would have pursued the imitation farther if a want of fertility of thought had not prevented me, the Ideas that presented were trite, barren, and inactive, and for fear of falling into Redundancies or Unpoetical Reduplications, I stop'd short and call'd an other Cause, having Horace's Aphorism in my View at the same time

*Est quiddam prodire tenus, Si non datur ultra.*

at least, *Quod ad me attinet.* This perhaps may make the first and second Canto appear a little unconnected, but as this fault is not irretrievable, I must still rely upon the all-merciful temper of the good Natured-

I think indeed 'tis a bold attempt to pretend to Emulate so perfect a Prototype, whose Life and Writings are equally beautiful and instructive, both which should be my Standards, was my Capacity equal to my Inclination.

What I have now done (pardon the oddness of the Simile) appears to me like the late Westminster-Hall attempt, an Audacious Action, perform'd by a Person unknown, but with this difference, that I'm sure no body will offer a reward for the discovery of the Author. It may be said of it, according to a Couple of Lines of Mr. Pope's, Originally I believe intended for the Dunciad, but referr'd for, to the Harley Museum.

*No pains it takes, and no offence it gives  
Unfear'd, unhated, undisturb'd it lives, &c.*

A List,



A

# L I S T,

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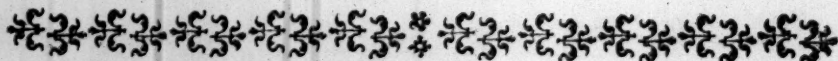
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T H E

Rich: Callaway 1736





T H E  
B E E R I A D.

---

The First C A N T O

---



EER and the Men (A mighty Theme!)  
I Sing,

Who to their Mouths the brimming Pit-  
cher bring.

Say Sons of Midnight! (since yourselves inspire,  
This drunken Work; so Jove and Drink require!)

5 Say from what Cause, in vain unquench'd the Thirst,  
Still reigns to Day as potent as at first.

In Eldest time, e're Mortals were so dry,

E'er Bacchus issued from the Thund'rer's Thigh, †

Strong

† ----- Genetricis ab alvo

Enipitur, patrioque tener (Si Credere dignum est)

Insuitur femori, Maternaue tempora Complet.

Euripid.

So that we find Jupiter was the Parent both of Wisdom and Drunkenness,  
Bacchus being cut out of his Thigh and Pallas out of his Head.

----- De Capitis fertur sine matre paterni

Vertice, Cum Clypeo profuuisse Suo:

And of Consequence these two opposite Productions are very nigh Relations,  
Experience furnishes us with Examples every Day, that the Wisest of Men  
are often influenc'd by this Relative to Wisdom.



T H E  
D U N C I A D.

---

B O O K the F I R S T.

---



BOOKS and the Man I sing, the first who  
brings

The SMITHFIELD muses to the ears of  
kings.

Say great PATRICIANS! (since yourselves inspire

These wond'rous works; so JOVE and fate require!)

5 Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst,

Still † Dunc the second reigns like Dunc the first?

In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read,

E'er Pallas issued from the Thund'rer's head,

B 2

Dulness

† Dryd.

Strong Drink o'er some possess'd it's native right,  
 10 Lord of delusion, Sov'raign of the Night.

Vice in its prime this idiot maker got,  
 Grave as a Saint, but as the Devil hot,  
 Bewild'ring, mighty, loving, brave, and dull,  
 It rul'd th' imperious monarch of the scull.

15 Still its old Empire to confirm, it tries,  
 For a true Born-Drunk, Sober never dies.

Where wave the flutt'ring ensigns of the Fleet,  
 Some † lar-bord Buildings in confusion meet ;  
 Odd, falt'ring sounds growl thro' the close recess,  
 20 Emblem of Drink, and caus'd by Drunkenness:  
 Here kindly link'd two tender friends appear,  
 Inseperable Fellowship and Beer.

This, the great Euchius || made his chief resort,  
 Perfer'd home brew'd, to filkey wines of Court.  
 25 Here stood his Pitchers, Jugs, and Mugs and Pots,  
 And destin'd here th' o'er-whelming feat of sots.

Hence

† A Sea Term, Signifying the Left Side, q: d: Lever board of Lævus the Left: Buildings on the Left Side of the Harbour. || Euchius, one of Bacchus's Names, from filling the Glass up to the brim, ab Eucleo grec. bene ac large fundo,



# The DUNCIAD.

5

Dulness o'er all possess'd, her antient right,  
10 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night :  
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,  
Gross as her Sire, and as her mother grave,  
Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,  
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.

15 Still her old Empire, to confirm she tries,  
For born a Goddess, Dulness never dies.

Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-Fair,  
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air ;  
Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,  
20 Emblem of musick caus'd by emptiness :  
Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lye,  
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.  
This, the Great Mother dearer held than all  
The clubs of Quidnunc's, or her own Guild-hall :  
25 Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,  
And destin'd here th' imperial seat of fools.

Hence.

Hence springs each waxing discord, Kennel boast,

§ From M—w's pale Sign, to R—g—t's blushing Post;

Hence beerish sonnets, Maudlin roundelay,

30 Hence the no standing || on Saint Patricks Day,

Torrents of Spew our sober walls to grace,

And all the Madness of the toping Race.

'Twas here in majesty of drink he sate;

Four much lov'd Help-mates, round, support his State;

35 Keen raging Thirstiness, that never longs,

For Pudding, Beef, or Ven'son or Neat's Tongues:

Kind Fellowship, whose blessings those partake,

Who drink, and drink, and drink for drinking sake:

True Indolence. that broods o'er powerfull Beer,

40 And Fancy, Fosterchild of Drink was there;

Where

§ This line expresses a contrast of Passions in two inanimate Beings, one turns pale and to'her blushes at the shameful conduct of the Sons of Drink, to the no small honour of the Painter, according to Mr. Cowley.

Some paint the Trunks, and breathing Airs bestow,

Giving the Trees more Life than when they grow.

And resembles what Mr. Dryden says of Myrrha,

The mother Tree as if oppress'd with pain,

Exerts her Passions -----

|| No standing, This is a Charter always tolerated by all those who sincerely Commemorate their Tutelar Saint on that Day, and often lasts for several Days after.

# The DUNCIAD.

7

Hence springs each weekly muse, the living boast,  
Of C—l's chaste press, and L—t's rubric post:

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,

30 Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day.

Sepulchral lyes our holy walls to grace,

And New-year Odes, and all the Grubstreet race.

'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone;

Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne;

55 Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears

Of hiffes, blows, or want, or loss of ears:

Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake

Who hunger, and who thirst for scribbling sake:

Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jayl

40 Poetic Justice, with her list'd scale;

Where



Where with nice judgment, drink and thirst he scans,  
And brimming Pitchers against empty Canns.

Here he observes their drinkings large and deep,  
Where nameless † somethings o'er their liquor Sleep,  
45 'Till genial Slumber, or a rustick tour,  
Calls forth each Man, that lay upon the floor.  
How Men, like brutes, dead drunk in Vomit lie ;  
How maudlin Friends, fall out, forgive, and cry ;  
How Man half Sober, scarce erectly stands,  
50 But sometimes Crawls upon his feet and hands.  
Here one poor Wretch an hundred stumbles makes,  
And reeling drunk'ness foul meanders takes ;  
There wall'wing Spectatles his optick strike,  
Ill fated Men ! how Chimney Sweeper like ?  
55 He sees a Mob of mighty Drunkards near,  
Pleas'd with the mildness of the last drank Beer,

How

† When a Man is in that State of Stupid insensibility, as to Sleep o'er his Liquor, he is but just a Something or part of the Whole, or indeed rather a Nothing, being always an useless Member of Society.

# The D U N C I A D.

9

Where in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,  
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,  
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,

45 'Till genial Jacob, or a warm third-day,  
Calls forth each mas, a poem or a play.

How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie ;  
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry ;  
Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,

50 And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.

Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes,  
And ductile dulness new meanders takes ;  
There motley Images her fancy strike,  
Figures ill-pair'd, and Similes unlike,

55 She sees a mob of Metaphors advance,

Pleas'd with the madness of the mazy dance :

C

How

How Sugar, Gin, and Ale of each enough,  
 Create that Sacred Liquor § Hugglinbuff ;  
 How || Buſs and ſmall Beer, make a jumbled drink,  
 60 For thoſe who thirſt, much oft'ner than they think ;  
 How Beer itſelf, pours forth before the Eye,  
 Pints change to Quarts, and Hogſheads run out dry ;  
 Here nervous Nonſenſe, ſtrongly overflows,  
 And Beer-made friendſhip, terminates in blows ;  
 65 Trick'ling with blood here gorey heads he views,  
 There reeking rivers of Eternal Spews,  
 Here one Sublim'd in Liquor to a God,  
 And there an other bends beneath his Load.  
 All theſe and more, the Beer-compelling King,  
 70 Beholds in drink, that magnify'd the thing ;

Replete,

§ Q. D. Huggle-in-buff, which ſignifies Embracing Stark naked, 'Tis otherwiſe Huggle-my-buff, &c. It inſpires it's drinkers with Affectionate Sentiments towards one another, yet often (like all other Liquors) Occaſions Feuds and Animofitys, and then Enſues Battles in puris naturalibus, Wherein perhaps happen ſeveral Corniſh Huggs, (Which is a term amongſt Wreſtlers of that Country) Expreſſing a great Squeeze or Gripe.

I have been alſo inform'd of an other Explanation of the Word, viz. That the word Buff has been Spelt Buſ and Buſo a Toad, from a Metonymy of the Effect, becauſe it Swells and Bloats the Bellys of thoſe that drink it and Embrace the Veſſel it is contain'd in often.

|| A familiar abbreviation of the word Stinkabuſs,



# The D U N C I A D.

II

How Tragedy and Comedy embrace ;

How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race ;

How Time himself stands still at her Command,

60 Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.

Here gay Description Ægypt glads with showers,

Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers ;

Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen,

There painted vallies of eternal green,

65 On cold December fragrant chaplets blow,

And heavy harvest nod beneath the snow.

All these and more, the cloud-compelling Qeen,

Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene ;

C 2

She,

Replete, with drink of several potent Sorts,  
 With Self-applause he Views his Children's Sports,  
 Sees momentary drunkards rise and fall,  
 And with Extatick raptures blest'd 'em all.

75 'Twas on the † time, when \*\*\*\* dry and grave,  
 And \*\*\*\* triumph'd both on Land and Wave,  
 (Flip without Gin, from Bottles in their Cafes,  
 Glad Chins, warm Fires, broad Bellys and pale || Faces,)  
 Now Night descending, the proud Scene's begun,  
 80 Yet lasts with Vigour, 'till the rising Sun.  
 Now Sate Both remain in Slumb'ring plight,  
 And drink in Dreams the Liquor of the Night.  
 But pensive Drunkards Solemn Vigils keep ;  
 Sleepless themselves, nor give their Landlords Sleep.

85 Much

† These two Worthys flourish'd about that remarkable Æra, when the Excise Scheme was Exploded.

|| This is a distinguishing Characteristick of their Persons. Some Faces glow with a generous rubicundity after much Liquor, but here the Case was alter'd, profundity of Moisture shew'd itself in a pale livid Complexion, and I alway acknowledg'd the justness of the Old Latin Adage.

Pallida Luna pluit.

it being verifi'd ever in these.

She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,  
 70 With self-applause her wild creation views,  
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,  
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.  
 'Twas on the day, when † Tho—d, rich and grave,  
 Like || Cimon triumph'd both on Land and Wave.  
 75 (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,  
 Glad Chains, warm Furs, broad Banners, and broad Faces)  
 Now night descending, the proud scene was o'er,  
 Yet liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one Day more,  
 Now May'rs and Shrieves in pleasing slumbers lay,  
 80 And eat in dreams the custard of the Day ;  
 But pensive Poets painful Vigils keep ;  
 Sleepless themselves, to give their readers Sleep.

Much

† Sir George Tho--- Lord Mayor of London.

|| Cimon the famous Athenian general, who obtained a Victory by Sea and another by Land, on the same Day, over the Persians and Barbarians.



85 Much to his mind this finish'd Bout recalls,  
 What † once was practis'd here within the Walls,  
 Much he extoll'd their draughts, their endless thirst,  
 And Sure succeeding Pints, tho' Sure to burst,  
 He saw with Joy the Line immortal run,  
 90 Each Sire imprest and glaring in his Son;  
 Brewers ferment each Cask with artfull Care,  
 Thus from the Yeast of the preceding Beer.  
 He saw old \*\*\*\* bestill'd with S\*\*\* Ale,  
 And noisey \*\*\*\* far from looking pale;  
 95 He saw grave \*\*\*\* pissing out the Fire,  
 And furious \*\*\*\* foam in beerish Ire.  
 In Each, he views his Image strong and full,  
 But chief, in \*\*\*\* Quart Exhausting Pull,  
 Sees him and Liquor, in firm league Engage,  
 100 And || Pints, and Pots, and Jugs his battles Wage!

He

† Not once, but I think it ought to be oft, tho' this seems to allude to a particular Night, when L----d S---- &c. introduc'd Day Light, with a Bowl of Punch, Pipes and Tobacco, Noise, Desolation, &c.

|| This must allude to the Extravagancies of this Hero's Temper when overpower'd with Drink.

Much to her mind the solemn feast recalls,  
 What City-Swans once sung within the walls,  
 85 Much she revolves their arts, their antient praise,  
 And sure succession down from † Heywood's days.  
 She saw with joy the line immortal run,  
 Each Sire imprest and glaring in his son;  
 So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care,  
 90 Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear:  
 She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,  
 And E—n eke out Bl—'s endless line;  
 She saw slow P—s creep like T—te's poor page,  
 And furious D—s foam in W—'s rage.  
 95 In each, she marks her image full exprest,  
 But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast;  
 Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league ingage,  
 And || Earth, and Heaven, and Hell her battles wage!

She

† John Heywood, whose Interiudes were Printed in Hen. VIIIth's time.

|| This, I presume, alludes to the extravagancies of the Farces of this author. See book III. vers. 185, &c.

He Spy'd the Youth where strong in Drink he sate,  
 And Bib'd, unconscious of his tumb'ling Fate ;  
 Resolv'd he Sate, with all his Mugs around,  
 Drinking from Gill to Quart, a Vast profound !  
 105 Lifted his Pot, and saw the bottom Clear,  
 Then drank, and fuddled on, in spite of Care,  
 He roll'd his Eyes that Witness'd huge decay,  
 And reel'd next † door, where stronger Liquor lay,  
 Anchors, whose Size the Space exactly fill'd ;  
 110 And which fond Owners were so pleas'd to gild,  
 And where, by Labels made for ever kown,  
 The Cask contains not Liquor, long its own,  
 Here Swells the Shelf with || Stinkabuss the great,  
 There, largely gilt, Gineva Shines Compleat,

There

† An Episode upon a Gin-Shop.

|| The worst of English Malt Spirits with a very disagreeable Flavour,  
 it actuates upon the humane Constitution like two other Spirits that in-  
 fest the Body at Night, viz. The Incubus, Commonly known by the  
 Name of the Hag or Night Mare, And the Succubus ; entirely debilitat-  
 ing all the members of the Body and facultys of the Soul, with a very in-  
 fernal Small.



She ey'd the Bard where supperless he fate,  
 100 And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate ;  
 Studious he fate, with all his books around,  
 Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound !  
 Plung'd for his sence, but found no bottom there,  
 Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere despair.  
 105 He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay,  
 Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay.  
 Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd ;  
 Or which fond authors were so good to gild ;  
 Or where, by Sculpture made for ever known,  
 110 The page admires new beauties, not its own.  
 Here swells the shelf with Ogleby the great,  
 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat,

115 Here many a Suffring † Sisterhood retire,  
 And meet the Martyrdom of jakes and fire;  
 A brave Asylum! here to Live and Dye,  
 Well Stock'd, and Worthy \*\*\*, H\*\*\*, and \*\*\*\*.

But high aloft, more furious Liquor stood,  
 120 Drink of this Age, not heard of at rhe Flood;  
 There Crimson ¶ Clove, and English || Spirits face,  
 One Cloath'd in Wood, and one in Earthen Case:  
 There known by Smell, in Aromatick tear,  
 Casks, of § Wind-driving Aniseed appear:

325 No haughty Rum Confronts, with dreadful Cost,  
 Nor the proud Shelves, of Coniac Spirits boast.

Of these neat Rundlets, some of amplest Size,  
 ('Till now preserv'd from Duty, and Excise,)

Inspir'd

† The publick Papers give us ev'ry Day too many Melancholly instances of the dismal Effects of these kind of Liquors upon the Female part of the World, who often meet with the fatal Catastrophes mention'd in the 116th Line. But by the wise and prudent Management of our P-----l-----t a period will speedily be put to this growing Evil.

¶ Clove-water.

|| There is a distinction between English Spirits and Stink-a-bus, for we often meet with Malt Spirits without that odious Flavour.

§ Aniseed-water, remarkable for its Carminative quality.

Here all his suffering brotherhood retire,  
 And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire;  
 115 A Gothic Vatican! of Greece and Rome,  
 Well-purg'd, and worthy W—s, Q—s, and Bl—  
 But high above, more solid Learning shone,  
 The Classicks of an Age that heard of none;  
 There † Caxton slept, with Wynkin at his side,  
 120 One clasp'd in Wood, and one in strong cow-hide:  
 There sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year,  
 Old Bodies of philosophy appear:  
 De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,  
 And there, the groaning Shelves || Philemon bends.  
 125 Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size,  
 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pyes,

D 2

Inspir'd

† Old Printers.

|| Philemon Holland.



Inspir'd he Seizes: These a Bowl prepare,  
 130 Of modern Measure, and of † Delphic Ware,  
 This Vessel he reviews, with chearfull face,  
 Fills the whole Bowl, gives Gin the chiefeft place :  
 Draughts, upon Draughts, consume the leſſ'ning Cup,  
 And the fifth Draught, Compleatly tips it up.  
 135 Then thou great Empty'r of the Satiare Cann !  
 Firſt in my Care, and favour'd much by Man !  
 Dryneſs ! whoſe good old Cauſe I yet defend,  
 With whom my Muſe began, with whom ſhall End !  
 O thou ! of drinking the directing Soul,  
 140 To humane Throats like byaſs to the Bowl,  
 Which as more preſſing makes their draughts more true,  
 Obliquely Stagg'ring to the || Pot in view:  
 O ever gracious to diſguiſe Mankind,  
 Who Maſquerad'ſt the Senſes of the mind ;

145 Left

† From Delft in Holland from whence we have Earthen-ware of that Name.

|| The Chamber-pot.

Inspir'd he seizes: These an altar raise:  
 An hecatomb of pure, unfully'd lays  
 That altar crowns; a folio Common-place,  
 130 Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the base:  
 Quarto's, octavo's, shape the less'ning pyre,  
 And last, a † little Ajax tips the spire.  
 Then he Great Tamer of all human art!  
 First in my care, and nearest at my heart!  
 135 Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,  
 With whom my muse began, with whom shall end!  
 Oh thou! of business the directing soul,  
 To human heads like byas to the bowl,  
 Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true,  
 140 Obliquely wadling to the mark in view.  
 O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind!  
 Who spread a healing mist before the mind.

And,

† In duodecimo, translated from Saphocles.

145 Left foe Sobriety, shou'd set us right,

Secure us kindly in our dear lov'd night.

Ah! Still o'er Gosport keep a watchfull Eye,

For if we'r once out-drunk, alas we dye!

Where 'gainst thy pow'r if rebel Temp'rance rise,

150 She does but shew her Coward Face and dyes:

There, thy good Vot'rys with unwear'd Care,

Make reason Vanish, and make wisdom Stare;

Here Studious I continue always full,

Nor † Sleeps one grain of Nonsense in my Scull,

155 On Beer discant, and o'er my Liquor roar,

And cry in raptures, || D—g—r'sno more!

For thee I dim these Eyes, and stuff this Throat,

With such damn'd Tipple as was never bought;

For thee Supplying in the worst of times,

160 Gin to Ship-beer, and Vinegar for Limes;

For

† Here Nonsense is suppos'd to be in a constant State of restless Vigilancy, whilst Common Sense is lock'd up in the grand Sensorium.

|| A famous G—r—r—r Artist that liv'd like a Fish. He dy'd Anno Mundi 1453. in the 120th Year of his Age.



And, lest we err by wit's wild, dancing light,  
Secure us kindly in our native night.

- 145 Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,  
Which lullst th' Helvetian and Batavian land.  
Where 'gainst thy throne if rebel Science rise,  
She does but show her coward face and dies:  
There, thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains,  
150 Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's strains;  
Here studious I unlucky Moderns save,  
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,  
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,  
And crucify poor Shakespear once a week.  
155 For thee I dim these eyes, and stuff this head,  
With all such reading as was never read;  
For thee supplying, in the worst of days,  
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays;

For

For thee I bear Sciatick in my Hip,  
 Yet still drink Flip, (great Monarch) still drink Flip;  
 So the poor Horse whipt Spaniel, fonder grows,  
 Of the rude giver of the stripes and blows.

- 165 Not that my Cann to Gin was still confin'd,  
 Sometimes an Egg and Ale compos'd my mind;  
 Sometimes in dear Variety I'd range,  
 For Maro says, the muses love to change.  
 As forc'd from Engines, Liquor's self can fly,  
 170 And loaded fountains, nimbly Spout on high;  
 As the dark Clouds their rise to moisture owe,  
 The drought above urg'd by the wet below;  
 Me, thirst and drink in plenty cou'd inspire,  
 And were my Elasticity and Fire,  
 175 Had Jove decreed these Liquors longer date,  
 Jove had decreed to spare th' Excise of late.  
 But see † Silenus to the dust descend,  
 And all his Cause and Empire at an End!

Cou'd

† He was Bacchus's Foster-father, his Master and perpetual Companion and consequently always Drunk, he was an old Fellow, broad Fac'd, Gorbellied and of a very jocular Temper.

For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,  
 160 And write about it, Goddess, and about it ;  
 So spins the filkworm small its slender store,  
 And labours, 'till it clouds itself all o'er.  
 Not that my quill to Critiques was confin'd,  
 My Verse gave ampler lessons to mankind ;  
 165 So graver precepts may successless prove,  
 But sad examples never fail to move.  
 As forc'd from wind-Guns, lead it self can fly,  
 And pond'rous flugs cut swiftly thro' the sky ;  
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,  
 170 The wheels above urg'd by the load below ;  
 Me, Emptiness and Dulness could inspire,  
 And were my Elasticity and Fire.  
 Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date,  
 Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state.  
 175 But see † great Settle to the dust descend,  
 And all thy cause and empire at an end !

E

Cou'd

† This was the last year of Elkanah Settle's life. He was poet to the city of London, whose business was to compose yearly panegyrics on the Lord Mayor, and verses for the Pageants ; but since the abolition of that part of the shows, the employment ceas'd, so that Settle had no Successor to that place.



- Cou'd Lisbon live by any single hand,  
 180 His love for † White-Wine must have made her stand.  
 But what Care I for Tokay or Champaign?  
 These have no Share, in my despotick reign,  
 I rob no Gallic Vinyards of their Treasure,  
 But help the State, by Beer exempt from Seizure.  
 185 Yes, to my Country I my taste resign,  
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Beer! am thine,  
 And rival Buſs, for O thy Strength and Zeal!  
 O'er head and Ears has plung'd the Common Weal.  
 Adieu my Brethren! better thus Expire,  
 190 In hedge, or ditch, or tumb'ling in the Fire,  
 Drunk without pain, than grease the Doctor's Fist,  
 T' increase a Malady, that's always pift;  
 Or faunt'ring Sober, round the Streets to think,  
 And quit the Ale-house, where you us'd to drink.  
 195 With that, he lifted thrice the empty Bowl,  
 And thrice propos'd to fill it flowing full:

Then

† He lov'd White-wine Exceedingly.

Cou'd Troy be sav'd by any fingle hand,  
 His gray-goose-weapon must have made her stand.  
 But what can I! my Flaccus cast aside,  
 180 Take up the Attorney's (once my better) Guide?  
 Or rob the Roman geese of all their glories,  
 And save the state by cackling to the Tories?  
 Yes, to my country I my pen consign,  
 Yes, from this moment, mighty Mist! am thine,  
 185 And rival, Curtius! of thy fame and zeal,  
 O'er head and ears plunge for the public weal.  
 Adieu my children! better thus expire,  
 Un-stall'd, unfold, thus glorious mount in fire,  
 Fair without spot; than greas'd by grocer's hands,  
 190 Or ship'd with W—to ape and monkey lands.  
 Or wafting ginger, round the streets to go,  
 And visit ale-house where ye first did grow.  
 With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand,  
 And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand:

Then Views the † Fabrick, with up-lifted Eyes,  
 Resolv'd to make himself a Sacrifice.

The brazen Cocks discharge in rapid stream,  
 200 And all his Fav'rite Liquors freely came.

In one quick draught see Usquebaugh retire,  
 And last, his || Buffy set him all on Fire.

Then down he falls, and like the Phœnix lyes,  
 In the same Flame, by which he lives and dyes.

205 Rowz'd by the fall, old Drunk'ness nods his head,  
 And vainly strove, to guide his Son to bed,  
 Lab'ring he try's, to raise him from the ground.  
 Down sinks the Youth, in his great influence drown'd.

His lulling presence is Conspicuous here ;  
 210 And all his works in energy appear,  
 Strong in his Charms ! as when pay day is nigh,  
 He looks, and glows in ev'ry Seamans Eye.  
 He bid him wait and not pretend to roam ;  
 Well pleas'd he rested, and Confess'd his home.

215 So

† The Gin-Shop.

|| Another pretty familiar Epithet for Stink-a-buss.



195 Then lights the structure, with averted eyes ;

The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice.

The opening clouds disclose each work by turns,

Now flames old †Memnon, Now Rodrigo burns,

In one quick flash see Proserpine expire,

200 And last, his own cold Æschylus took fire.

Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes,

When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies.

Rowz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,

Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her Bed,

205 Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre :

Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire.

Her ample presence fills up all the place ;

A veil of fogs dilates her awful face,

Great in her charms ! as when on Shrieves and May'rs

210 She looks, and breathes herself into their airs.

She bids him wait her to the sacred Dome ;

Well-pleas'd he enter'd and confess'd his home.

So

† Plays and Farces of T----d.

215 So when the Winds, and Billows rudely Sport,  
 The prudent Pilot, keeps his Ship in Port,  
 Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,  
 And in sweet Slumbers celebrates the Seat.

† Here to his sight strange Oddities appear ;

220 Kings crown'd with Tankards, Queens bedeck'd with  
 Beer :

How Dukes pass transient, by him from afar,  
 Clove makes the Ribbon, Gin the spark'ling Star ;  
 How Hogsheads tumb'ling from a Mountain top,  
 Decay in tumb'ling to an half pint Cup :

225 How Seas of Liquor round about him run,  
 And tho' he thirsts, 'tis suck'd up by the Sun.

Oppress'd

† These Lines allude to the odd unconnected dreams of drunken Men, which are like sick Men's dreams. They are beautifully describ'd by Mr. Dryden in his Cock and Fox.

Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes:  
 When Monarch reason Sleeps, this Mimick wakes;  
 Compounds a Medley of disjointed things,  
 A Mob of Coblers, and a Court of Kings :  
 Light fumes are merry, Groffer fumes are sad ;  
 Both are the reasonable Soul run mad ;  
 And many monstrous forms in Sleep we see,  
 That never were, nor are, nor e'er can be. &c.

So spirits, ending their terrestrial race,  
 Ascend, and recognize their native place :  
 215 Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,  
 And † in sweet numbers celebrates the feat.  
 Here to her chosen all her works she shows ;  
 Prose swell'd to verse, Verse loitring into prose :  
 How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,  
 220 Now leave all memory of sense behind;  
 How Prologues into Prefaces decay,  
 And those to Notes are fritter'd quite away :  
 How Index-learning turns no student pale,  
 Yet holds the Eel of science by the Tail :

225 How

† He writ a poem called the Cave of Poverty, printed in 1715.



Oppress'd with Urine, urging much to pass,  
 Each thing in View, appears a Looking Glass;  
 With eager haste, he Seizes what he Views,  
 230 And gently stales adown his Hose and Shoes,  
 So Tantalus endures a Life of taunts,  
 Sees all he Craves, yet all he Craves he wants.  
 The Monarch then, o'er his Anointed head,  
 Saw with delight the sacred Opium spread;  
 235 When Lo ! his Bird (a Monster of a Fowl !  
 Something betwixt a † Magpye and an Owl)  
 Perch'd on his Crown. All hail ! and hail ! my Son,  
 The promis'd Ram-feast is almost begun;  
 The Chiefs are gather'd thirsting after praise;  
 240 He that drinks deepest, wins the Conq'ring Bays.

I see

† A Magpye and an Ow make a mixture of Talkativeness and Stupidity, the Magpye is one of the Birds Consecrated to Bacchus from its continual Chattering, and the Owl being a Night bird, they both make a proper Compound for the Subject.

- 225 How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,  
 Less human genius than God gives an ape.  
 Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,  
 A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd new piece,  
 'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congrave, and Corneille,  
 235 Can make a C—r, Jo—n, or O—ll.

The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,  
 With mystic words the sacred Opium shed ;  
 And lo ! her Bird (a monster of a fowl !  
 Something betwixt a H— and an Owl)

- 235 Perch'd on his crown. All hail ! and hail again,  
 My son ! the promis'd land expects thy reign.  
 Know Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,  
 Is gather'd to the Dull of antient days,  
 Safe, where no criticks damn, no duns molest,  
 240 Where G—n, B—, and high-born H—rest !

I see the road ! where go my men of fame,  
 To fields that flow with Liquor and with Game !  
 'Till each fam'd Village my dominion own,  
 'Till † Mariepont as Gosport bless my throne.  
 250 I see ! I see ! — so stop'd, and spoke no more,  
 Then the Burnt-Off'ring waken'd with a Snore.

|| Alnaschar thus, Arabian authors say,  
 Tir'd with the travel of a sultry day ;  
 Rested, intensely musing in the Street,  
 250 His stock of Glafs, his all, was at his feet ;

That

† Bridgemary, the Village where the Feast is Celebrated.

|| Alnaschar was a poor Glafs Merchant, who had laid out all his patrimony in a Venture of Glasses. his Glafs riches threw him into a very ambitious Enthusiasm, and having a very trading imagination, by a regular gradation of fancy, he became from a Glafs-man a prime Vizier, and contracted an imaginary alliance with the Sultans fair daughter, but she displeasing him, he vented his whimsical resentment against the fictitious Princess by offering to kick her, which unhappily fell on the real Basket and so overset it, and broke his frail fortune to ten thousand pieces.

See the Story more at large in the Arabian Tales.



I see a King ! who leads my chosen sons  
 To lands that flow with clenches and with puns :  
 'Till each fam'd Theatre my empire own,  
 'Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne.  
 245 I see ! I see !—Then rapt, she spoke no more,  
 God save King Tibbald ! Grubstreet alleys roar,  
 So when Jove's block descended from on high,  
 (As sings thy great fore-father, Ogilby,)  
 Harse thunder to its bottom shook the bog,  
 250 And the loud nation croak'd, God save King Log !

F 2

*The End of the first Book.*



That brittle Stock, in thought wrought various Scenes,  
 Advanc'd his person, and increas'd his gains,  
 The glitt'ring Chrystal, in his fancy shone,  
 And swells from humble Glafs to precious Stone ;  
 255 Now Gems grow treasures, and himself he saw,  
 First constituted Aga, than Bashaw ;  
 Prime Vizier next, he sees by Eunuchs led,  
 The Sultan's Daughter, to his Sumptuous Bed.  
 But he great Lord ! disdaining am'rous play,  
 260 Spurn'd with his Foot, the suppliant Fair away ;  
 Th' imagin'd Fair, and real Basket Spurn'd,  
 The States-man vanish'd, and the Glafs o'er turn'd.

*End of the first Canto.*

---

T H E



T H E  
B E E R I A D.

---

C A N T O the Second.

---

The first Libations to their God they pour,  
 And then with Songs indulge the genial hour;  
 Holy Debauch ! 'till Day to Night they bring,  
 With Songs and Pæans, to their patron King,  
 A chosen Ram of two Years old they pay,  
 To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of Day.

DRYD.

---

tardescit Lingua, madet mens,  
 Nant Oculi, Clamor, Singultus, jurgia gliscunt. LUCRET.



THE Sons of Drunk'ness Men of great  
 renown,

Pour forth and leave unpeopled half the  
 Town ;

A motley mixture ! in short Wigs and Hair,

In Shirts, in none, some Cloath'd and some thread-bare,  
 5 From



- 5 From fore-rooms, back-rooms, cellars, shops and garrets,  
 On horse, on foot, in carts and † tilted chariots.  
 All who true Drunkards in his cause appear'd,  
 And all who knew those Drunkards to reward.  
 Now the proud Rabble's various voice proclaims,  
 10 Heroic drinkings, and advent'rous games ;  
 On that long || Pile, the Monarch took his stand,  
 Where Laurel'd Brunswick looks o'er Sea and Land ;  
 And where, (for Taciturnity's renown)  
 A § Chair corrects the Rhet'rick of the town.  
 15 With Toppers, Wisher's-well obey'd the call,  
 The field of glory, is a field for all ;  
 Humour and drink, th' industrious tribe provoke,  
 And fickle Drunk'ness loves or hates a joke,  
 When straight appear'd the fleecy bleating Beast,  
 20 Condemn'd the Victim of the drunken Feast.

Before

† A waggon with a Tilt or Awning over it.

|| The Market-house, at the Front of which is plac'd in a Niche the Statue of his late Majesty King George the first.

§ A pedagogal Seat, fix'd at the other End of the Market-house for the refinement of Language and Manners, it weighs the action of the Tongue something like Sanctorius's Chair ; the Vulgar call it a Cucking-Stool.

Before him march'd, with self Conceited port,  
 A † Crowd, the Solemn harbinger of Sport ;  
 A circling joy with strong nutation spreads,  
 || Round and more round, o'er all the Sea of heads.  
 25 His neck reclin'd, his resty fingers creep,  
 And seem'd to harmonize himself to sleep :  
 Yet on inspection close, as he drew near,  
 He prov'd a Fidler, much untun'd by Beer,  
 Concoriding features, and a strange grimace,  
 30 Shew'd perfect § Unisons of tune and face,  
 And whilst with artless Skill he labour'd playing,  
 The plaintive Ram continually was baying,  
 So tyrant Monarchs slaughter to disguise,  
 With warlike Musick drown the Victims cry's.  
 35 Adown the woolly Victim Ribbons play'd,  
 And fragrant Cowslips nodded on his Head ;

Unconscious

† A Fidler.

|| Pope.

§ A term in Musick signifying the perfect Concordance or Agreement of any two Notes, &c.

Unconscious of his speedy loss of Breath,  
 He march'd triumphant to his tawdry Death.  
 Round his soft Neck an hempen Cord was ty'd,  
 40 Most ignominious, to his gaudy pride !  
 Close to his side there stalk'd a brawney Wight,  
 Arm'd with blue Gauntlet, sad ferocious Sight !  
 His strutting Paunch appear'd in comely guise,  
 And in † Relievo, swell'd before his Eyes,  
 45 A flannel Vest enwraps his pouting Skin,  
 And press'd his striving Guts to stay within ;  
 A spotless Apron of the woolly kind,  
 Surrounds his waste ; the dangling Steel's behind.  
 Ungratefull Caitif, with inhumane Soul !  
 50 Who owes his Cloathing, to the Victims wooll.  
 The Rabble now with acclamations say,  
 There goes our Butcher wolf, in Sheeps array.  
 He march'd insensible, thro' Shouts and Crys,  
 For Beer, and only Beer, engag'd his Eyes ;

55 Questions

† A term in Architecture, expressing a Protuberance raising above the plane on which 'tis form'd, 'tis distinguish'd into Alto and Basso.



The BEERIAD, &c. 41

55 Questions concerning Drinking, seem'd his care,  
And Liquor Strongly languish'd in his Air.

The signal March, was bellow'd out aloud,  
Then mov'd the Ram, the Scraper, and his Crowd ;  
The Butcher next, his person full display'd,  
60 Which not a little grac'd the Cavalcade.

Next season'd Sots, walk gravely two and two,  
And add a mighty Number to the Crew.

The scented Air, the next approach foretells,  
Impregnate, with a balefull set of smells ;

65 Now in confusion, with unhallow'd din,  
Appear the Friends of † Parliament, and Gin.  
Great are their Numbers, mighty are their Crys,  
And with pathetick Tears, bawl no Excise.  
Next with compos'd serenity appear,

70 The true-sworn friends, and proselytes to Beer,  
These in an Easy Conversation blest,  
As who brew'd mildest, and who brew'd the best.

G

The

† Parliament Brandy.

The last, a Trowsser'd, Chequer'd band, draw near,  
 And with uncommon joy bring up the rear ;  
 75 Here † Trincalo Extolls in hoardest Strains,  
 The noble blood that rolls within their Veins ;  
 A Blood ! that far surpasses other Blood !  
 That knows no Ebb, but always tide of Flood.  
 So when Fierce ARCITE's Corps was born along,  
 80 Crys, Shouts and Clamours, murmur'd thro' the throng,  
 Liquor, and Noise, advanc'd with ev'ry file,  
 'Till the dead Hero reach'd the lofty Pile ;  
 || Then drunken Wakes continued all the Night,  
 And fun'ral games were play'd at new born Light.  
 85 The warlike § Bastions of the Town they pass,  
 Now Clad like Troy, with inoffensive Grass.  
 In unity they March, not one Revolt,  
 'Till the dry Butcher caus'd a gen'ral halt.

A fronting

† The Name of a Drunken Boatswain in Shakespear's Tempest.

|| These two Lines with some little Variation are Mr. Dryden's.

§ The works and Fortifications surrounding Gosport.

A fronting Fabrick, Struck his eager Eye,  
 90 Its lofty † Signal, made him wond'rous dry ;  
 Here, he propos'd Oblation for the Ram,  
 And strongly urg'd to offer up a Dram ;  
 Great Propositions still Successfull prove,  
 And good Examples never fail to move ;  
 95 The willing Crowd with universal Voice,  
 Loudly applaud the Ceremonious Choice ;  
 Each thirsty Zealot took his proper share,  
 Whilst poor Crowdero scrap'd a ruthless Air.  
 So have I seen a Groom with Skillfull notes,  
 100 Whistle the Water down his horses throats.  
 And now the Cavalcade move on a pace,  
 Ardent in march, to reach the wish'd-for place,  
 Some less impatient, make a fresh assault,  
 And stay behind to offer up in Malt.  
 105 Feeble attempts, and sad resolves, they make,  
 The marching Throng, with speed to overtake,

† The Sign of the Fountain at Spring Garden.



The God of Beer his awful Vengeance shed,  
 Some he struck dumb, and others fell for dead,  
 Those who escap'd and punishment withstood,  
 110 Pursu'd the Game, but perish'd in the Mud.

Th' advancing rabble make a fresh delay,  
 Oppos'd by wretched Objects in their way ;  
 The blind, the deaf, the weakly and the lame,  
 From their abandon'd loathsome || Spittal came,  
 115 Each Lazar seem'd as busy as a Bee,  
 To make a Member of the Jubile ;  
 The sick and feeble Vigorous become,  
 Now walks the Cripple, and now speaks the Dumb.  
 The Butcher here propos'd a short regale,  
 120 And humbly mov'd to offer up some Ale ;  
 Who can withstand the strong attempts of thirst ?  
 The Crowd approve, he shews th' Example first.  
 Now onward move the sprightly Mob again,  
 Improv'd in Spirits, but decay'd in Men :

125 The

|| The Hospital at Forton.

125 The Monarch here, their last delay dislikes,  
 Some drop in hedges, some repose in dikes.  
 So those who travel in united bands,  
 Thro' the Scorch'd desarts, of Arabia's sands ;  
 Lose their Companions in the toilsome way,  
 120 And num'rous Legions gradu'lly decay.

The les'ning Troops confus'dly gather nigh,  
 Where five green || Elms refresh the curious Eye ;  
 Here erst for many a revolving Year,  
 Had dwelt a Venerable § Friend to Beer,  
 135 Who knew its Rules, and strictly kept its Laws,  
 And bravely perish'd, in its Monarch's Cause ;  
 His widow'd Mate accosts them at the door,  
 And tells the bands her partners now no more ;  
 With tears, she cry'd, " Cou'd breathless bodies move,  
 140 " My bury'd Mate wou'd rise to shew his love ;  
 With interrupted Speech she ends her tale,  
 " I've lost my Husband, but—I've sav'd my Ale.

|| The Sign of the five Elms at An'swell.

§ The late Proprietor, since demis'd.

The

The Butcher here propos'd to enter in,  
And drink a Requiem to their friend in Gin:

145 Th' inviting door flew open to receive,  
All those who mourn'd the Martyr in his Grave.  
This third delay Occasion'd strong debate,  
Halts were Oppos'd with vehemence and heat;  
The Cavalcade in partysnow divide,

150 Some for advancing, some resolv'd t' abide.  
The Butcher safe immur'd, soft dirges Sings,  
Quite unconcerned for the fate of things.  
Th' excluded mob demand the Victim Ram,  
With horrid Voice, replete with Curse and Damn.

155 Crowdero guardian to the Sacrifice,  
Stood stoutly Curse-proof, to secure the prize;  
Insults he bore, but one unlucky thump,  
Fell'd him to earth, a sad and useless Lump!  
This dismal Act occasion'd loud alarm,  
160 And those within peep'd out to know the harm;  
The bleeding Fidler on the Ground was laid,  
As silent as the Crowd, on which he'd play'd.

The



The Butcher urg'd to know, who dar'd to Strike,  
 And raging, strongly hickhup'd out dislike;  
 165 The Mutineers reply with gibe and scoff,  
 " The Ram is ours, we'll force the Victim off.  
 † Where right's oppress'd, sure none will dare to Stay,  
 Now honour calls, the Butcher leads the way.  
 A fight ensues, most direfull in th' event;  
 180 Heads broke, Blood spilt, and Cloathing sadly rent!  
 Thus ancient Rome paid honours to her dead,  
 And many valiant Gladiators bled.

The Butcher's party bravely kept the Field,  
 And by mere numbers made the Rebels yield;  
 175 But scorning now ungen'rous Strength or Force,  
 They all shake hands, and on-ward steer their course;  
 All march, but strangely Straggle in the road,  
 All but Crowdero, left behind in Blood.  
 So when the tinck'ling Weather losely strays,  
 180 The flocks run wild, and search uncommon ways.

The

† In imitation of an Expression in Lee's Alexander.

The Day wears on, the Sun glides tow'rd's the West;  
 The Gang push forward with redoubled haste;  
 Resolv'd no Stop should give a fresh disgust,  
 The very Ram runs Sprink'ling up the Dust.

185 The scatter'd Bands now joyous reunite,  
 Where a || Curv'd Billet, greets the longing Sight;  
 Here they assemble thick as gath'ring Spawn,  
 By the strong efforts, of attraction drawn.  
 So § Agib's Ship, as Eastern tales recount,  
 190 Sail'd forward to the Adamantine mount;  
 No Skill cou'd alter the magnetick pow'r,  
 In vain they strive to take a different tour;  
 The nails forsake the Bark, with mighty Shock,  
 And fly in numbers to the Loadstone Rock.  
 195 Here now the tedious warlike journey ends,  
 Treatys are made, and all sincerely Friends;

Shouts,

|| The Sign of the Crooked Billet at Bridgmary where the Scene of  
 Action is laid.

§ This alludes to the Storey of one of the Calenders, King's So's,  
 in the Arabian Tales.

The BEERIAD. &c. 49

Shouts, and Huzzas, in honour to their King,  
Sound thro' the Air, and make the Welkin ring.

Now Fourms, and Chairs, with Mugs and Tables  
move,

200 All Signs of Hospitality and Love ;

Next thickly rang'd, appear as † Archetype's,  
Whole hecatombs of pure unfully'd Pipes,  
Now wooden Concaves orderly succeed,  
Replete with measures of the Indian Weed.

205 Next foaming Jugs, with hoary heads appear,  
Great portents, of the relish of the Beer.

The Butcher now his unask'd love exprest,  
And Squeeze'd a Fist with ev'ry willing Guest ;

His falt'ring Speech was impotently gay,  
210 And Drink, and Nonsense, shone in bright array ;  
Saint || Vitus dance appear'd in ev'ry Limb ;  
His Voice grew faint, his Eyes grew wond'rous dim ;

H

Yet

† First Patterns or Examples for them to go by.

|| A general involuntary trembling, or Convulsive shaking of the whole Body.



Yet willing Soul! he lifted up his knife,

To rob the Victim of his forfeit Life ;

215 But Lo! his Nerves relax, and down he sunk,

A dreadful Sight! impenetrably Drunk !

True to his King, a Swollen Corse he lay,

Concluding now the honours of the Day ;

This shocking Loss occasion'd mighty moan,

220 And all lament his getting drunk so soon,

Our Brother's gon, they cry, " So let him rest

" In peacefull Sleep, the Ram must still be dress'd ;

" What tho' we've lost a Brother full of Glee ?

" Yet in our bands, † we've Men as good as he.

225 When straight appear'd a Wight, in garb marine,

Who promis'd much, by his approaching mein ;

Obliquely

† This bears an allusion to a Line in the old Ballad of Chevy-Chase, where King H E N R Y says upon hearing of the death of Piercy of Northumberland.

Now God be with him, said our King,

Sith 'twill no better be,

I trust we have within our Realm

Five hundred as good as he.

Obliquely marching tow' rds the giddy throng,  
Unstudy'd Language, melted from his Tongue;  
A true Successor to the fall'n he came,

230 In trade, in air, in thirst, in beer the same!

Who thus bespoke —————

“ Drink is the Common Portion of us all,

“ Some longer stand, whilst others sooner fall;

† “ To lye in Drink, is lying on a Shore,

225 “ Where billows never break, nor tempests roar,

“ E're well we feel the friendly stroke 'tis O'er.

“ The wise thro' thought, th' insults of Drink defy,

“ The brave, thro' blest insensibility;

“ 'Tis what the sober fear, the thirsty crave,

240 “ Sought by the Dry, and Vanquish'd by the Grave;

“ It Eases labour, makes Companions free,

“ And tho a Tyrant, offers Liberty.

“ What makes all this, but Beer our mighty King,

“ At whose Command, we tumble or we spring?

H 2

245 “ Then

† The Lines mark'd thus, “ from 234 to 258, are an imitation of Mr. Dryden's, and Dr. Garth's Sentiments upon Death.

- 245 " Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to Sink,  
 " To make necessity our Plea, and Drink ;  
 " Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain,  
 " The Drunk grow Sober, when a while they've lain.  
 " And cou'd we chuse our time, and chuse aright,  
 150 " 'Tis best to fall, our honour at the height.  
 " So shou'd we make our Drink, a glad relief,  
 " From serious Thoughts, from Labour, and from  
 Grief.  
 " Enjoying while we Live, the present hour,  
 " And falling in our Excellence, and Flow'r ;  
 255 " Then round our Bodys ev'ry Friend shou'd run,  
 " And joys us of our Conquest, early won ;  
 " Whilst the surviving World, with envious Tears,  
 " Shou'd grudge our happy End, and wish it theirs.  
 " Then let us not our Minds, and thoughts elate,  
 260 " W're all obnoxious to untimely fate ;  
 " Our Brother's Exit, shan't retard the Feast,  
 " For I myself will Sacrifice the Beast.

" The



The BEER IAD, &c. 53

“ The shocks of drink I’ve stood, its strength despise,

“ He bravely falls, who in his duty dies.

295 The lift’ning Mob, his speech and Will Commend,  
All bid him go, but think of Milo’s end.

He straight withdrew, the Victim to prepare,  
Whilst ev’ry Member grac’d his proper Chair.

The Goddess Temp’rance banish’d quite to Scorn,  
270 In Milkmaid’s Shape, had travers’d all the Morn,  
O’er Hills, and Dales, she wing’d it high and low,  
On pinions white, as Hyperborean Snow,  
She gaz’d, with disappointed Air divine,  
But saw no Vot’rys, worship at her Shrine ;  
275 None, but the brute Creation of the Field,  
Irrationally wise, to Temp’rance yield.

Temp’rance who softens out the Mortal Span,  
Yet hated by that brute of reason Man;  
From whose kind pow’r, such Emanations flow,  
280 As grant a Short Eternity below,  
Which sooths the passions, Ventilates our rage,  
And gives an happy Patriarchal age.

The

The Goddess shone, with Aspect full of grace,  
 And many Years sate youthfull in her Face;  
 285 Tir'd with the fruitless travel of the Day,  
 She gently lighted in the open Way ;  
 But saw with Consternation, and Despair !  
 The wretched Trophys, to the God of Beer !

The sight that first oppos'd her grief-struck Eye,  
 290 Was poor Crowdero, dead to harmony !  
 Loaded with Ale, and Wounds, unfit to rise !  
 Two fable † Halos circumscribe his Eyes.  
 The tender Maid no longer cou'd forbear,  
 Adown her Cheek, there roll'd an Orient tear ;  
 295 With Griefs, and disappointments sore dismay'd,  
 She mourn'd her Empire, totally decay'd.  
 So Titus wept, Compassionately great,  
 And griev'd to see Ierusalem's defeat.

Wrapt up in Care, she look'd with Vigilance,  
 300 When lo ! she saw an human Shape advance,

One

† A meteor that surrounds the Moon, Stars, &c. in form of a bright Circle.

One who had mis'd the Bands, by some delay,  
 And eager in his Steps, pursu'd his way.  
 Great was the wonder of the Heav'nly Maid,  
 When the odd Figure, closer she survey'd.  
 305 To dress he seem'd no Fashionable Slave,  
 But shew'd a Mixture of Buffoon, and grave ;  
 His Antique Coat some Centurys had seen,  
 And Venerably thread-bare to the Skin ;  
 The useles pockets lay below his reach,  
 310 And Cooling Zephyrs, fan'd at ev'ry breach.  
 His Wig in perpendicular array,  
 Obsequious to his Head, mov'd ev'ry way ;  
 His fierce Cock'd Hat, of most gigantick Size !  
 Obliquely dreadfull, triumph'd o'er his Eyes !  
 315 Its depth profound, oft hind'ring him to see,  
 The Sheathless Blade, that dangled at his knee,  
 His face was screw'd by strange || Sardonian Grin,  
 And Chrystal dribbles grac'd his moving Chin ;

His

|| Rissus Sardonicus or Sardonian Laughter, being a Convulsive distortion of the muscles of the Face, causing an involuntary shew of Laughter.



His ill pair'd Legs, most strange ! his march Confound,  
 320 This Foot usurps, the other's proper Ground ;  
 A season'd Pipe, well polish'd o'er with Soot,  
 Stuck like a fragrant Nose-gay, in his Coat.

This mottled Sight ! her wonder did Command,  
 And tho' a Goddess, put her to a stand ;  
 325 Lost in Conjecture, she attempts to find,  
 If any Seeds of Temp'rance, Sooth'd his mind.

When thus she Spoke —————

“ Unwarey Mortal, whither dost thou run ?  
 “ Undone already, to be more undone !  
 330 “ Thine heart to banish'd temperance I'd win,  
 “ If any latent attoms lurk within.

He look'd attentive, stupidly Serene,  
 Not knowing what her mystick Words shou'd mean ;  
 In thought devoted to a diff'rent pow'r,  
 335 The name of Temp'rance, made his Aspect low'r.

The Goddess saw invincible disdain,  
 And by her God-head knew all reas'ning vain ;

Resolv'd

- Resolv'd her good intentions to pursue,  
 And by Examples try what she cou'd do ;  
 340 In airy Clouds, Obsequious to her will,  
 She wafts the Mortal to a neighb'ring Hill ;  
 With feather'd lightness Seats him on the ground ;  
 And with her Voice, dispers'd the Vapours round.  
 Expressive Shades before her Person glide ;  
 345 All who did drink, and for that drink had dy'd ;  
 To him the Goddess. " See that Object near,  
 " Whose bloated Shadow, fills that easy Chair,  
 " What disproportion reigns throughout the whole ?  
 " A wretched Case, to Entertain the SOUL !  
 350 " That Mortal when he liv'd, was always drunk,  
 " His spindle Legs, cou'd ne're Support his trunk,  
 " His feeble head in melancholly prop,  
 " Look'd like a Pebble on a Mountain top ;  
 " All fluids to his paunch their tribute pay'd,  
 355 " And whilst that swell'd, the nobler parts decay'd ;  
 " What pains he took his Calmer Sense to drown !  
 " For fifty Years of Liquor weigh him down,  
 1 " His

- " His delug'd Entrails seem mature to burst,  
 " By that destructive foe to Temperance, Thirst.  
 260 " Hydropic torrents, waste the sodden Clay,  
 " And wash the Sick'ning System quite away.  
 " See tow'ards the right, a Youth in tabid Case,  
 " With ev'ry mortal Signal in his Face,  
 " Excess puts on a different shape in him.  
 365 " A form decay'd, and shrunk in ev'ry Limb!  
 " Not twenty Solar Circuits has he seen,  
 " Tho' thrice that number frighten in his Mien.  
 " Now look behind, and see a Sight that shocks,  
 " One immaturely Cloath'd with † Silver locks;  
 370 " Who went in drink, with ruffet hair to bed,  
 " But rose with Wonder, and a Snowey head.  
 " So distant mountains sleep on Wintry Night,  
 " In azure Cloke, but wake all Cloath'd in white.

" Now

† We have several instances now Living, as well as in Authors, of the truth of this Line, That People have grown Grey in one Night from Excessive Drinking, as well as from Frights, &c.



“ Now on the left, an other object view.”

375 Whose Eye-balls languish with a Saffron hue.

“ A bilious tinge, difuses o’er the Skin,

“ Fore’d from ’its dwelling by Excess in Gin.

The Goddeſs ſtill renew’d the wretched ſcene,

And ſhew’d more Objects, by intemp’rance ſlain ;

380 Shew’d how Exceſs expell’d the humane breath ;

And wanton’d in Variety of Death !

She ſhew’d its inſults on the Humane frame,

Which like a Tyrant alway overcame.

The heav’nly Maid whoſe power was unconfin’d,

385 Next ſhew’d its depredations on the mind.

She bids her charge obſerve that trampled ground,

Where riding Legions make the Air reſound ;

‘ See yon tall SQUIRE that takes the foremoſt place,

‘ And rides with Fury, and a ruddy Face ;

380 ‘ By wine and party, ſtrongly born away,

‘ And with officious Ardour, goes aſtray ;

‘ Zealouſly bent on popular applauſe,

‘ He boldly drinks, and pleads his Countrys Cauſe.

' Fondly intent, his Patriotism to broach,  
395 ' And with odd gestures fulminate reproach.  
    ' His Friends attend his Oratorial throat,  
    ' And from his Language learn which way to Vote.  
    ' Now quite alone, observe on to'ther side,  
    ' An ancient Clerke, who did this moment ride,  
400 ' Dropt † from his Horse, tremendous all in Beer,  
    ' He seems the Object of no mortals care.  
    ' Well vers'd when Sober, in the Priestly Craft,  
    ' Mean is his Soul, tho' spacious is his Draught.  
    ' Of different Constitution with the first,  
405 ' He wants his Courage, tho' he feels his thirst.  
        ' Look tow'rds that Vale, where Cæsar's work  
            Sublime,  
    ' Rears its old Head, and lives in Spight of time;  
    ' Long in this sturdy Posture has it Stood,  
    ' It's mossy turrets, beetling o'er the flood.

410 ' There

† Pando delapsus a fello.

|| A Castle supposed to be Built by Julius Cæsar.

- 410 ' There see another of the Sable Seft,  
 ' In gorgeous Vestment, Whimfically deckt,  
 ' Strange Hieroglyphicks grace his ancient back,  
 ' When trivial calls postpone the sacred Black,  
 ' As Pharisaic Teachers heretofore,  
 415 ' There parchment † Philacteria always wore.  
 ' Exempt from pride, his welcome Friends he greets,  
 ' Free from distinction, drinks with all he meets.  
 ' His Office he performs at easy rate,  
 ' And yokes a Couple, for a slender treat ;  
 420 ' Well knowing holy functions were Ordain'd,  
 ' For Mankinds good, and not for what was gain'd.  
 ' All these, the Goddess cry'd, which now you view ;  
 ' Were mortal Men, and breath'd as well as you!  
 ' But now prepare, for more disastrous Sights !  
 525 ' For mad dissensions, and outrageous Fights !

' For

† Philacteries were scrolls of Parchment worn by the Pharisees on their Arms, Forechea's, Hem of their Garment, &c. in which were written the Commandments and other passages of Scripture, &c.



- ' For reason frantick, desperate, and blind !  
 ' And raving in the Bedlam of the mind !  
 ' Close to yon door observe two late sworn Friends,  
 ' Now dreadfully intent on horrid Ends,  
 430 ' An empty Word, began this sad debate,  
 ' And Drink, and Choler, hurry on their fate.  
 ' See one receives a deep and deadly wound !  
 ' And falls relentless, on the blushing Ground,  
 ' But lo ! behold with his departing Breath,  
 435 ' Repentance comes ! and sinks away with Death.  
 ' His rival Friend, forsakes the dismal place,  
 ' Remorse, and Reason stare him in the Face ;  
 ' Impatient to sustain Lives loathsome yoke,  
 ' He makes his Exit, on yon spreading Oak.  
 440 ' Behold, the Goddess cry'd, that ancient Sire,  
 ' Oppress'd with penury, from youthfull Fire,  
 ' A wretched offspring in his riots Curst,  
 ' And innocently Suffring by his Thirst,  
 ' Walk by his Side, in poverty and tears,  
 445 ' Dismal reproaches, of his mis-spent Years.  
 ' The

' The Sire unfit his passions to Controll,  
' A Pistol Ends, the horrors of his Soul !

Enough, the Mortal cry'd, bright Maid I've seer,  
Enough to strike, to shock, my frail machine !

450 Fair Excellence ! behold I gladly kneel,  
And all thy Calm divinity I feel.

The Goddess pleas'd, in mists Enwraps her load,  
And reconvey'd him to the open road ;  
Invisibly, she hover'd all alone,

455 To wait th' Event, of what she'd said, and done.

When dangers strike the Eye, impressions last,  
But terrors Vanish, when the dangers past.

So he, sometime in thought, stood motionless,  
In deep suspense, 'twixt Temp'rance and Excess ;

460 Dire was the Conflict, in his lab'ring breast,  
But found at last, Intemp'rance pleas'd him best.  
He look'd around, but saw no Goddess near,  
So tow'rd's Destruction, bent his full Career.

The Goddess saw her Counsel vainly giv'n,  
 465 † So quitted Earth, and wing'd it up to Heav'n.  
 He march'd with speed, intrepidly resolv'd,  
 T'o'retake the banquet, e're it was dissolv'd,  
 Intent no Object, shou'd engage his mind,  
 470 He Smok'd his pipe, and never look'd behind.  
 He came with joy, Where all the bands fate round,  
 In Smoke, and Liquor, plentifully drown'd ;  
 Some Sprightly look'd, whilst some reclin'd the head,  
 And some were hush'd, as Drink it self lay dead ;  
 475 Some had the strongest Symptoms in their Face,  
 And some lay prostrate, in a Beer-embrace.  
 Here two Enwrap't in aromattick Smoke,  
 Who gravely Argue, and as gravely Joke ;  
 An other pair by imprecation hoarse,  
 480 From impious nothings, form their whole discourse.  
 An other Couple more divine from Drink,  
 In maudlin raptures, and Enthusiasms sink.

The

† Ictajacet pietas, et Virgo Cede made ntes  
 ultima Cœlestum terras Altea reliquit.



The Sons of Drink, with multiplying Eye,  
 Happy in Vision! double Friends espye;  
 485 Each beer-made Shadow, in a drunken plight,  
 Waddles before the undulating Sight,  
 Whilst the true Object, in his Liquor blest,  
 Amidst his Shades, serenely sits at rest.  
 So flatt'ring Chrystal cut with artful care,  
 490 Presents a form, thro' each delusive Square;  
 Move the gay Bauble nigh the wond'ring Sight,  
 Ten thousand pictures glimmer into Light;  
 The parent Object, in the Centre sits,  
 And from one surface, all these shades emits.  
 495 Half roasted on the Spit, the Victim lyes,  
 † And clouds of sav'ry Stench, involve the Skies;  
 Crisp are the gaudy Trappings of his Doom,  
 Brown and impregnate with the gratefull Fume.  
 Th' imprison'd Juices in a ferment Seeth,  
 500 And with sharp notes lament his useless Death.

K

With

† Dryd.

# 64      The B E E R I A D, &c.

With great Composure now the new-come Guest,  
Accepts a Chair, and sits amongst the rest.

He then relates the Wonders he had seen,  
All Laugh and Say, ' The Mortal's in the Spleen !

305 ' These wild Chimeras sha'nt disturb our mirth,  
' There's no such Wicked Goddess upon Earth;  
' The Fumes of Emptiness, (they cry) has made  
' This dreadfull bugbear Visionary Shade.

' Liquor will soon dispel the gloomy Charm,  
310 ' And Mirth will quickly Abdicate her form.

The Mortal b'leives, and in the Feast partakes,  
And disobey's a Goddess for their Sakes,  
With Smoke and Liquor, he Familiar grew,  
And soon forgot himself, and Temp'rance too,  
315 A vanquish'd Sight appears in ev'ry Chair!  
Each in his proper attitude of Beer

|| The Feast continu'd till declining Light,  
|| They Drank, they Lov'd, they Faught, and then  
'twas Night;

Drunken

|| These two Lines are an imitation of Mr. Dryden's Translation of  
Homer.

The BEER I A D. &c. 65

Drunken at last, and drowsy they withdraw,  
520 Some tow'rds their homes, and some content on Straw:  
Some on the naked Earth supinely Sink,  
And leave the Victim to the God of Drink.

*The End of the Second C A N T O.*



K 2

PIGGY,





P I G G Y,

A

T A L E.

Onesimus Far'd worse prepar'd to Fly,  
The fatal fang drove deep within his Thigh. DRYD.



N infant Pork the Flow'r of all the Crew,  
That cleanly Fed and Sip'd the Ev'ning Dew,  
That knew no Grief, and gruntl'd no Complaint,  
Ran for a time without the least restraint,  
The greatest Beauty of the Brist'ly Race,  
It's Body Fair and more than Pig it's Face !

It's

It's Spiral Tale, and pallifado'd Back,  
Declar'd it's future fitness for a Rack.  
Nere Vex'd nor Worry'd by the Village Dog,  
But tru'ly born to dye an Hampshire Hog ;  
Yet all these goodly Marks, O Grief to Speak on !  
Cou'd not long save poor Hoggy's tender Bacon.  
For some short Moons on Vestis \* fruitful Isle,  
Happy it Liv'd, and Fortune seem'd to Smile,  
Head-long it roam'd, Exempt from Mire and Muck,  
It's cheifest business was to Squeek and Suck.  
So sleek it's Skin, it's petty Toes and Feet,  
You Scarce could see a little Pig so neat.  
But as old Wives observe and firmly b'leive,  
The pretty Creature seem'd too good to Live.  
For now alas ! Comes on the fatal Day,  
That little Hoggy must become a Prey,  
To Avarice and Luxury devote,  
To fill the Owners Purse, and Gluttons Throat.

The

† Isle of Wight.

The Master Viewing of his grun'tling Herd,  
Distinguish'd those to kill and to be Spar'd.  
He cast his greedy Eye about, when Lo !  
He streightway Seiz'd our little Squeeling Beau,  
Without remorse he tore it from his Dam,  
(Condemn'd already in his mind for Ham)  
The Mother rough'd, and grunted out a Groan,  
When she perceiv'd her fondling Pig was gone.  
The Hind in Triumph bore away his Prize,  
Fast by the Tail, to stop it's piercing Cry's ;  
Regarding not it's Pers'nal Worth a F——t,  
He hasten'd on to Newport's fruitfull Mart ;  
Where he behav'd as Country Chapmen do,  
Exposing of his tender Ware to View.  
Hither the Sea's Inhabitants resort,  
For Bus'ness some, and other some for Sport,  
Men whose digestion's Strong from toilsome Work,  
Inur'd to Solid Beef and Pickl'd Pork ;  
Yet in times Peaceful, and the absent Storm,  
Esteem those Viands, in their nicest form.

Most



Most prais'd our Pig, Enhanc'd by Nature's dress,  
Some offer'd more ——— and others offer'd less.

CLAVUS a Man of Wealth, cry'd out aloud,

' I'll buy the Pig ' ——— and so press'd thro' the Croud,

' Make your Demand, the Squeecker's surely mine,

So struck the Man and bought the little Swine.

CLAVUS Extoll'd its Symetry and Size,

So Hoggy's doom'd to fall a Sacrifice !

Relentless it was hurry'd to his Boat,

Whilst Ecchos answer'd to it's plaintive Throat.

CLAVUS a Man of goodly Port and Stout,

Yet sorely handled by a cursed Gout,

Knew well such tender Youthful juicy Food,

Must surely do a weak digestion good,

Or that the Chyle of such Balsamick Meat,

Might oyl the fibres of his Crumpl'd Feet.

He therefore this relaxing Diet chose,

To reinstate the honours of his Toes.

Much might be said both of his Gout and Mind,

The last being poor, the first of richest kind,

A rough

A rough-hewn Mortal, Honest in his Station,  
And what he mostly lack'd was Education.  
But all these needless Epifodes I Skip,  
Since Hoggy's now made Pris'ner in a Ship.  
CLAVUS well knew his Pig was bred on Earth,  
And therefore fix'd it in a well judg'd Birth,  
Where the Ships Cheiftain did three Grunters feed,  
The surliest and the foulest of their Breed,  
Inur'd to plenty, and o're-grown with Ease,  
Full with Burgoo, and flatulent with Pease,  
Hither our cleanly Animal was brought,  
To those foul Monsters — better fed than taught.  
Poor Piggy here with great Amazement Stood,  
Viewing those three, in Majesty of mud !  
And Indolently wall'wing in their Sty, e,  
No anxious thought to Vex them till they Die.  
But CLAVUS thought he cou'd not do amiss,  
To make the Captains Pigs Converse with his,  
Tho' not so cleanly, yet he thought at least,  
T'wou'd be an Honour to his little Beast ;

But

But mark ambition's end ! tho' here 'twas small,  
 The Proverb says, that ' Pride will have a fall !  
 The Captains Pigs that hitherto lay hush,  
 Rouz'd, and bespatter'd Piggy all with † Slush,  
 And in an instant those foul envious Elves,  
 Made their new Mess-mate filthy as themselves.  
 Oft have I seen a neat apparel'd Beau,  
 Us'd by a ragged Mob exactly so,  
 Pursu'd with Dirt, through ev'ry Street and Lane,  
 Because he look'd unfortunately clean.  
 Or when some tatter'd Wench with dext'rous power,  
 Twirls from her Mop the dirt in Liquid Shower,  
 Round and more round, without remorse or shame,  
 Sure to deform the first neat passing Dame,  
 Such was its fate ! tho' not its greatest hurt,  
 Its cleanly Skin, was Ermin'd o're with Dirt,  
 Poor Piggy now laments, and crys tho late,  
 And mourns the foulness of his wretched State ;

L

Sighing,

† This word not being Intelligible to ev'ry Reader, 'twill be proper to Explain it ; Slush is all the superfluous remains, of Peas, Oat-meal, Fat, &c. left in the Cook's Kettle after the Ship's Company are serv'd ; and I fancy 'tis only a Corruption of the Word Slough.



Sighing, and Grieving he erects his Snout,  
 And groan'd those pitious moving accents out.  
 ' † O Liberty ! thou darling Goddess bright!  
 ' Profuse of Bliss, and Pregnant with delight!  
 ' Thy Pallace surely's in the Isle of Wight.  
 ' At night I slumber'd in a cleanly Hut,  
 ' By day I frisk'd, and eat the Earthy Nut,  
 ' Sometimes I suck'd the Brook, sometimes my Dam,  
 ' And tho' a Pig, was innocent as Lamb !  
 ' But now confin'd, that erst was wildly free,  
 ' Was ever Pig disconsolate as me !  
 ' But yet my lost Tranquillity to gain,  
 ' I'll root my freedom thro' the briney Main,  
 ' I'll watch my time, forsake these nasty three,  
 ' I'll break from Goal, and ~~leap~~ for Liberty.

Thus he —————

When straight the smallest and the foulest Swine,  
 Crys out, vain Sir we'll frustrate your design,  
 ' You must continue here, and shall not run,  
 ' We're Captains Pigs: and will see duty done;

† These two Lines are Mr. Addison's.

Then

Then Porcupin'd his Back, with angry spite,  
And gor'd poor Piggy's Buttocks with a bite ;  
Adown his polish'd Thigh, the Crimson stream'd,  
Whilst the stab'd Wretch with loudest anguish scream'd.  
So flows the School-boys blood by lash unkind,  
Adown his snowey Hemispheres behind.  
Poor Piggy's crys that well express'd his grief,  
Brought Hobling CLAVUS quick to his relief,  
The tender Man from tears cou'd scarce refrain,  
When he beheld the moving bloody Scene !  
Unknowing of the Cause, he look'd around,  
Confid'ring who cou'd give so base a Wound.  
The guilty Hog that bit with barb'rous Tusk,  
Lay harmless basking in his native musk,  
With artificial ignorance seem'd free,  
And CLAVUS look'd as ignorant as he.

But calling help, they raise the feeble Beast,  
(So oft predestin'd for a future Feast.)  
With care they treat the bleeding recent Sore,  
And in a Lazeretto place the Boar.

74 P I G G Y, &c.

The Sons of Art were call'd, to ease its pain,  
Yet all their kind prescriptions were in vain,  
No help was wanting, no relief untry'd,  
For murder'd Piggy bow'd his head and dy'd.  
Poor CLAVUS saw with grief, his latest grin,  
And Hoggy left him nothing, but his Skin.

A MORAL reflection.

What fate allots, Mankind shou'd ne're resent,  
Misfortunes ever flow from discontent,  
He's least to blame, who strives with all his pow'r,  
To guide his reason in the fatal Hour,  
And least of all who suffers wrongs and Strife,  
Yet always lives an innoſensive Life,  
Jove ſees our Actions in the cleareſt Light,  
And Providence is ever in the right.  
Fate operates by various ſecret Springs,  
And ſtill directs th' event of greater things.  
On leſſer things, ſhe does her turns beſtow,  
And in the name of Chance, ſhe reigns below.

T H E





T H E  
MICROCOSM.

Being a LETTER from *Portsmouth*, to  
a Friend in *London*.

— *en quo Discordia Cives,  
perduxit miseros!* VIRG. ECL. I.

S I R,



IN pursuance to your Request, I viewed a certain wonderful peice of floating Clock-work in our Harbour, and being infinitely taken with the regularity of i'ts external form, I was no less curious to examine whether i'ts internal Symetry was answerable; but how was I amaz'd and Shock'd, when I saw the utmost disproportion, irregularity, unevenness, jarring and discord amongst all the principal Springs, Wheels, and other adjuvants to Motion, that I cou'd not help crying out

what

what a pitty 'twas, that so glorious and noble a Machine had such a bad set of Guts or inside Materials?

I was inform'd that this was all owing to the badness of the main Spring, besides some very great Faults in the four principal Wheels; the Person that inform'd me took pains to Shew me the Main Spring or Primum Mobile of this great peice of Clock Work, and also to point out all its Imperfections; It appear'd to me vastly Rusty and Unpolish'd, had little or no Elasticity in it, and seem'd as 'twere to Shrink away from the four greater Wheels, whose Motion 'twas chiefly design'd to have assisted, except now and then, you might perceive in its Dilatation, twou'd rub against the first of the four greater Wheels (being plac'd next to't) but seldom against any of the other three. The Metal whereof this main Spring was made, seem'd to be entirely Iron, without the least mixture of Steel, and by its Weight and Dulness to Motion, one might easily perceive there were some particles of Lead in the Composition, I was inform'd it had not been us'd for Twenty Years before, which made it look so Rusty and Unpolish'd, and that it had been in a floating Clock of Lesser Bulk about that Time; I was told the Metal was taken Originally out of an Iron Mine in DORSETSHIRE, the particles of which Metal were remarkable for their Attraction to one another, so that you might observe many little Atoms of this same Mineral moving about in this Machine, without being in the least Subservient to its Motion, but rather in my Opinion impeded it, but however 'twas bleiv'd, that the MainSpring receiv'd some little additional Strength by those Homogenous particles about it, as a Load Stone does by being in an Iron Case.

The

The next principal Organ in this Fabrick that Com-  
manded my attention, was, the first of the four greater  
Wheels, that reciev'd its motion immediately from the main  
Spring, this Wheel seem'd pretty much worn out by Age and  
Use, and its motion seem'd wholly dependent upon the motion  
of the other three Wheels, for if their rotatory Motion  
was quick or slow, right or wrong, to be sure the first Wheel  
obey'd, tho' the rest ought to have been govern'd by it. this  
I could plainly discern by their Situation, This Wheel I  
saw was vastly thin that you could have bent it any way,  
and besides had a great many Cracks and Weaknesses, very  
perceptable in several Parts of it, yet you might perceive  
the Vestiges of good Metal in it, it had some little share of  
Elasticity, and some part of the Polish and Brightness re-  
main'd upon it still, except here and there you might per-  
ceive it Sully'd by the rust of the other three Wheels,  
particularly the Second, it had been in use some Years be-  
fore in a Floating Clock of lesser Magnitude, where (as I was  
inform'd) it perform'd its rotatory Faculty very well, but had  
lain by ever since till now, and indeed I thought it only fit to  
throw amongst old Iron at this time, I was told 'twas  
Originally taken out of a Patrician Mine, and very good  
Metal tho' of the baser Sort, (as Artists term it) in its cir-  
cular Motion 'twould sometimes turn vastly Smooth and  
Easy, at other times 'twould turn with a greater Noise  
than cou'd be expected from its make and Consistency of  
Metal; and yet you might easily observe if you inspect'd  
narrowly, that when ever its Motion was rough, 'twas by  
the Force of the other Wheels.

Having thoroughly Examin'd this Wheel, we view'd the  
Second; But what a difference was here? This was a  
Stubborn, Strong, Rusty, Unpolish'd peice of Metal, and

and



and made as great a Noise in its rotation as a Waggon Wheel; (and seem'd in my Opinion as fit for the purpose) its motion seem'd in a manner to be quite independent of the first Wheel, and very often you might see it turn the said Wheel, and if any of the aforementioned Atoms of the same Metal with the main Spring, (or indeed any other Metal) came in its way during its rotation, the Indentures or Teeth of this great Wheel, would certainly Grind 'em and Crush 'em to peices with a very tumultuous Noise, but when this Wheel was well Oyl'd 'twould circulate easier. There was one thing I Remark'd in this Wheel, that if any less principal Wheel that had an inferior Office of motion in this Machine, ever happen'd to touch it, you might Constantly observe this Large Wheel to Grate against it, if ever it came nigh it again. I was inform'd, that this Second, had been a Jack Wheel Originally, and some Artist discovering a tollerable mix'd Metal in't, made a transition from a Jack to a Clock, hoping in time 'twould answer; but I'm sure twill always be too Course, for so fine a Movement: Having finish'd our Scrutiny on this Wheel; we Examin'd the Third, this had not been very Long in Use, yet was coarse, foul, and unpolish'd and made a little petulant jarring noise, in its Circumvolution, it seem'd to be worn thin and weak, tho' not flexible, and this not from Service or Age, but from being Originally bad Metal, and worse Wrought up, or rather as I was inform'd from some Damage it receiv'd on the Coast of Guinea, when 'twas fix'd in an other Floating Clock: However thro' all this weakness and inability to Action, you might observe it frequently to rub and hit against any Little inferior Wheel, weaker than itself, tho' its Strength was so small that it could not do much Mischief, the Noise it made in its rotation very much resembl'd the Snarling of a little vex'd Cur.

Having

Having view'd this Sufficiently the fourth Wheel drew my Attention very much : This was a perfect new Wheel, having never been a Wheel in a floating Clock before, for which Reason, I expected to have seen it very Bright and Polish'd ; but how was I amaz'd to find it rather worse than the rest ? It appear'd to me by its heaviness, to be entirely made of Saturn, and the dull flat Noise of its rotation confirm'd me in the same opinion, neither did it turn with any manner of Vivacity, but slow and tedious like a Wind-mill in a Calm, all the serrated Circumference of this Wheel was vastly blunt and dull, and for want of a Sharpe Edge made as great a discord and jarring in its Circulation, as the second Wheel, whose Action it seem'd pretty much to Sympathize with, by a Secret kind of Impetus, it had a brazen kind of Varnish upon its External Superficies, which might be easily rub'd off, and so discern a Vile and Worthless Metal ; It had always been (till now) an insignificant obscure and useless Atom in other floating Clocks, but always affected the Contact of the principal Wheels, and indeed now (for any Assistance I could perceive that it gave) 'twas only a Wheel Atom.

Besides these four greater Wheels, I must observe to you (my Friend) there was a Fifth, but its use I could not well account for, or at least the greater Wheels seem to Usurp its Duty, and render it almost useless, which put me in mind of the Vulgar Comparison of the fifth Wheel of a Coach, however this Wheel was almost upon a parallal with 'tother four, and when the four mov'd, this stood still, and vice versa, so that you seldom saw them move together, tho' I cou'd observe at several Intervals of time, this Wheel lent the second great Strength and Assistance, tho' the Mechanism of the second Wheel was such, that it never did so again by

the fifth: these two Wheels took up more Oyl than any of the other Wheels, and the second seem'd to be entirely indebted to this for all the unctiōn you cou'd Observe upon't, but this fifth Wheel had been injudiciously Oyl'd, and had a very intrepid motion at sometimes, both which had almost worn it out, tho' of but a few Years standing, it was perfectly pliant and flexible, but very weak and feeble, and this Proceeded from a misuse in Oyl and Action; as to the Contexture of the Mineral particles of this Wheel, I shall Explain it to you in the most Analytical manner I can; when first it was fix'd in this Machine it had several particles of Sol in its Composition, which attracted the second Wheel to a perpetual Contact, and when it had extracted and levigated them all, it avoided the Contact ever after, the Basis of the Composition of this Wheel was very Elastick Steel, and fit for any movement in this Machine, but the foregoing irregularity's Committed in the management of it, had made great depredations upon the Constitution of its Component Parts, and render'd it vastly inactive, tho' it abounded with many Mercurial particles, which were neither innate nor Natural to it, but were rather Infirmary's, and acquir'd by being often expos'd to Sulphurous Damps, or a malignant Mineral halitus, the Oyl too acted like an Aqua Fortis, and prov'd very Corosive, and at last intirely Destructive, for as I have been since inform'd it stop'd for good and all sometime ago.

Having plainly perceived the great inequality, roughness, bad Metal and bad Workmanship in the main Spring, and the five greater Wheels, I no longer wonder'd at the want of Harmony amongst them.

The



The next thing that engag'd my attention, was two Lesser Wheels, that acted with a perfect Identity and Equality one towards 'tother, these were plac'd in an inferior Situation in this great Machine, somewhat Lower than the above mention'd Wheels, these two by an Occult kind of Mechanism had certain Offices appropriated to 'em, one was design'd to remedy all Accidents that happen'd to the main Spring or greater Wheels, or indeed to any Instrument of motion in this great Machine, and this Office being very Great, you might perceive three Little Wheels that look'd like Satellites immediately under it, that help'd to assist it in its rotatory motion for that Purpose; the other Colleague Wheel by the same Mechanism, was design'd to supply Oyl and Pabulum to the main Spring and greater Wheels, and all other Instruments of motion also, to render them Brisk and Lively, and to perform their revolutions with alacrity, but I was inform'd that some of the great Wheels went on with so much Rapidity, and Monopoliz'd such a quantity of Pabulum &c. that it almost Exhausted all the Stock of Oyl this Wheel had in its Reservoir; and yet if this Wheel did not give a large and constant Supply of Nourishment, you'd hear the second great Wheel make a Noise as Loud as the Upper Millstone when it wants to be Fed with Corn, and tho' these two last mention'd Wheels were so absolutely necessary to all the Wheels, Springs, and Atoms, in this great Machine, yet you might often observe the four greater Wheels to Rub and Grate against them, tho' plac'd in different Vortices, particularly against the Wheel and its Satellites, but they seem'd of as good Metal, and by a retrograde motion always return'd the Rubs, tho' Smoothly and without Jarring.

Before I finish this Account 'twill not be disagreeable to let you know, that this great and wonderful Machine took fire in one particular Part of it a little while since, whether by the too great Celerity of the rotation, or the attrition of some Inflammable Body's against each other, or perhaps too great a quantity of Oyl expended about some of the principal Motores &c. But so it happen'd, however it was fortunately extinguish'd without doing much damage, But what was most remarkable during the Conflagration, that tho' every Wheel, Spring, Engine, Rope, Pulley &c. were in motion and agitation to Extinguish the Flame, and all rotatory motions were perform'd with Violence, yet the Bell of this Clock never Struck once — \* \* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \* *Hiatus in mss: valde deflend.* \* \* \* \* \*

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F I N I S.